

habitants: The Emperor of the French could not give us a greater proof of sympathy, or a more certain

pledge of victory. Let us express, therefore, in the fulness of our hearts, our feelings of admiration and gratitude to the august chief of the great nation who folds out a fraternal hand to Italy to help her to conquer definitively her so long desired independence."

Correspondence of The Daily News

There May It  
At Arquata, where Marshal Bugey of Hilliers,  
commanding the first French army corps, has taken up  
his headquarters, a fine ruined castle surmounts  
the hill, and the road continues increasing in beauty.

Color the whole of that splendid scenery with tents and flags, with Zouaves and Chasseurs de la Garde—

animate it with the busy camp life of a French army—and you will imagine and increase the faecal beauty of this far-famed spot which rests on the valley of Servis. I had scarcely met a French captain of “le Jorde” to whom I had been introduced by a friend, when I was informed that the second battalion of the first Voltigeurs had just started on a reconnaissance toward the mountain tracks which lead in the direction of Nembo. I followed the soldiers through those

hilly path. Nothing, however, occurred to us, and we returned after five hours' walk to the French camp

without having met the Austrian marauders. Since our last letter no great changes have occurred either in the French or Piedmontese positions. The headquarters of King Victor Emmanuel are still at San Salvatore. Gen. La Marmora and Niel, who command the 11th French corps d'armée, are with him. The 3d corps d'armée, under Marshal Canrobert, is still at Alessandria, but while I am writing it may have re-

received orders to move in the direction of Novara, where the Austrians are concentrating themselves since

their main body retired from Vercelli yesterday at noon, after having left companies of riflemen in guard of the *forti-fication* they have erected. Gen. McMahon, at the head of the 3d corps d'armée, moved on Saturday toward Ivrea, a town on the Dora Baltea, in the extreme left of our line, which was now used by an Austrian body of 4,000 men, marching by the road of Serrà. This body, although it was not a regular army, which it might be thought its powerful armament, the number of the town were ready to defend themselves, manifestly they were by the signed proclamation of Sig. Fossio, a distinguished Venetian lawyer, who has been appointed Commissario Straordinario in that province. The march of the Austrians in that quarter had greatly alarmed the good people of Turin, when

they were told by the official bulletin, which is printed twice a day, that the avant-garde of the enemy had

nched a tent as Gyalpa, a small town of Kham in the East Capital, Tibet. The news received that morning leaves no doubt that the Austrians are fully retiring from their former positions, shortening their extended line by concentrating on the Po, which, as you know, is the main line of retreat. The Austrians are withdrawing Austrian movements. The growing strength of the French and the determined attitude of the Piedmontese have no doubt warned Don Gyalpa to change his mind; and I have reason to believe that he has received orders from Vienna which instruct him to act strictly in accordance with the above.

The next morning, before leaving Alessandria I went to visit a Piedmontese officer who belongs to the Chablon division. I arrived just in time to follow on a *scout* this gallant general officer on a rather dangerous errand. He had been instructed to reconnoitre the Austrian lines, and to report to the Austrian lines. About 4 o'clock we started, but for three miles met an enemy was to be seen. As we moved slowly on, with a green field on our right, four horse-

men rose suddenly above an elevated ground, which from the left ran towards the river we had crossed.

One of these men appeared to be an officer or lieutenant. The other were Kaiser Hussars Dragoons. After a while two of them retired flourishing their lances, pointing them at the *beragters*, who were advancing on their left. The officer retained his position, and was soon the cynosure of neighboring eyes. He was about half a mile from us, and through a good telescope which I bought before leaving London, I could watch his every action. He rode slowly along the bank of a narrow stream taking notes with great calmness in a notebook. He wore a dark green tunic with white stars on his collar, a cocked hat surrounded with

feathers of the same color, and a pair of gray trousers. As General Cialdini was advancing with the main body

of his men the two Hufans came back with arrows obdure, and spoke to the officers, who speedily left the spot. At the same time we could see before us on our right a dense cloud of dust, and hear distinctly the report of rifles continued without interruption. We witnessed our march, and in half an hour the Piedmontese column met an Austrian convoy of 64 oxen, 283 cows, 165 calves, 2 sheep, and 10 horses, all of which had been taken by the Austrians from various farms of the Lomellina. The booty was carried triumphantly into Casale among the acclamations of the

people. Another bold exploit was accomplished by Garibaldi on the night of Friday last. Gen. Cialdini

He had informed by his spies that at daybreak the Cossacks intended to make a reconnaissance in *garçon* on Casale. He ordered Garibaldi to be on his guard, and the fact proved that the information was fully correct. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 25th Lord Albemarle met the advance guard of the Cossacks, 1,000 strong. He courageously repulsed them first, their rifles, and boldly charged them with the Austrians with the bayonet. The Cossacks would not resist, nor, indeed, did they attempt to do so. They turned at once, and speedily took to their heels. After this gallant exploit nothing appeared in that quarter worthy of notice.

If I am rightly informed, the allied army can already muster not far short of 300,000 men; the Austrians,

60,000. If you were to believe all the rumors which are afloat in Genoa and Turin, you would at once admit that the Austrians are carrying on a war of plunder and extermination. There are facts which are enough to disgrace the Austrian army forever. The day before yesterday, two spies were caught near Valenza, and two at Bobbio. These last are a Doctor Paride Verdi and a Marquis Riva, from Mantua. They are to be tried by a court-martial in Alessandria.

Correspondence of The London Daily News.

Turin, May 12, 1859.

In my yesterday's letter I told you that I would make some inquiries about the atrocities perpetrated by the Austrians. To-day I have been to the

am now in a position to state that both officers and soldiers behaved cruelly toward the people of the town

and villages they have invaded. I am assured, on very good authority, that at Tortona, after having ordered 50,000 rations, they began to plunder the shops and houses. The shop of a milliner, Teresa Scotti, and that of a Signor Gallarati, were the first, and others followed. A band of drunken Croats went to the farm-house of a Sig. Staffano and commenced plundering everything, including in a shameful manner women and children. At Casaleuvo-Servia, Viguzzolo and Pontecume they committed the same excesses, without being checked by the general officers who were there. The bastinado was administered, by order of Gen. Gyalai, to the Mayor of a small village near Novara, on the very reason, of this barbarous act was that

the Mayor could not get in proper time the requisitions which had been ordered. I cannot pollute the col-

units of your paper by relating all the acts of shameless cruelty perpetrated by these Slavonic and German barbarians. The pen has its self-respect, and these are atrocities which decency will not permit me to relate. Thus behave those Austrian generals for whom my Lords Derby, Malinsbury and Clarendon show so much tenderness. The people of England will judge if such praises ought to have been uttered in the Palace of Westminster. For myself, I am horrified to

see how Austria is acting, and is likely to act, in this war. Fancy how happy will be your Commissioner to

The Austrian camp. Lt. Capt. Midway has not a stone thrown; where other men's hearts are pained, he will, I have no doubt, decline at once the honor of joining Gyalai's headquarters.

Colonel Cadogan has already arrived, and I saw him two hours ago riding about the streets of this town. A Sardinian officer asked me, ironically, this morning, whether he has been instructed to communicate with his colleague of the Austrian staff. "I hope so," I said, "but you may depend upon it that the people of England will not approve the presence of an English officer in the Austrian camp."

"You know it," answered the Sardinian; "but, say, don't you your countrymen allow the Minister to order him there?"

The only news brought by our informants to-day, is,

The Austrians are concentrating themselves between Mortara, Robbio, and Palestro. They have removed the two bridges they had erected on the Sesia, near the last named village. A body of 3,000 Croats crossed the Po yesterday, at a place called Hella, under the very eye of the Italian army, who could do nothing to prevent them. The Austrians were giving instructions to their officers. A siege train, escorted by a regiment of Bohemians, has gone back to Lombardy, taking the road of Gravel, and has been directed on Casal Pusterlo, a borough situated on the main road from Milan to Mantua. Yesterday morning 4,000 Austrians marched for

Castel San Giovanni, near Piacenza, to Borgoma-  
All these up and down movements look as if G. has  
lost his head, and does not know what to do.

The French army is still increasing, and although I committed an exaggeration in stating yesterday that it was already 300,000 strong, I am positively assured that the four French corps *arabes*, together with the Imperial Guard, amount to 160,000 men. The force under the orders of King Victor Emmanuel and General La Marmora, that is to say the six divisions, commanded by Generals Cialdini, Fanti, Cocchiari, Giannotti, Durando and Sonza, together with the six battalions of Cacciatori delle Alpi, under the orders of Arlabaud, are not less than 70,000 good fighting men. As the whole, were Austria to strain every nerve, I should think it extremely improbable that she could have the